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VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1756.

Choice Poetry.

MARRIAGE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1854.

TERMS, &c.

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SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 19, 1853.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE CITY.—BRITISH STEAMSHIP ASIA OVER TWENTY-FIVE DAYS LATER.—THE WAR.—CHANGE IN RUSSIAN MINISTRY, &c.

By the arrivals of the Pacific and Arctic we have news from Liverpool to the 3rd inst.

The Emperor Nicholas had issued a ukase of the Czar, Nicholas, to command. It took effect on Friday last, and the ukase is:

London, Friday night, March 2nd.—The Emperor Nicholas has issued a ukase of the Czar, Nicholas, to command. It took effect on Friday last, and the ukase is:

Poetry.

BY HAKE.

Selected Sketch.

A COSSACK OF THE DON.

An intelligent young German, Herr Wagner, travelled lately among the Cossack tribes of Russia—accompanied, as a French critic expresses it, "beneath the sable-mounting tissue of one of those cold nights." He has published an account of his adventures in two very pleasant volumes, entitled *Der Kaukasus und die Kosaken Russlands*. From these volumes the following episode:

At one of the stations in the Crimea, Herr Wagner met and gradually became intimate with a Major in the Cossack army, who was on his journey to the seat of war. The Major was a tall, powerful man, with the features of the pure French white-headed fleshy. One evening, while sitting together after dinner, their conversation turned on the manners and customs of the native tribes. "If you wish," said the Major, "to form a just idea of the Cossacks of the Don, do not be satisfied with viewing them in their regular ranks, but see them in the midst of one of the steppes. There will exist specimens of the real original wild Cossacks, but in our town of Novo-Tscherkask you will find a very mixed population."

On the left bank of the Don, he continued, are a great number of families who pass the winter in reed-thatched cabins, but who during the summer, evening and sometimes also at noon-tide, unmindful of their shelter, live in the open air. Every morning, at the first dawn, they are roused by the sound of the cattle-bells, and hurriedly issue from their huts. Then the whole village is in motion. Men, women, children, and animals, all mingle together in the most indescribable confusion. Every one is in a hurry to get out of the village, and to reach the steppe. But the cattle are the first to get out, and they are followed by the shepherds, who, with their long whips, drive the animals before them. Then come the women, with their children, and the men, who, mounted on their horses, ride slowly after the rest. Each family has its own peculiar way of driving its cattle, and of arranging its own particular train. Some drive their cattle before them, others follow them, and others again ride in the midst of them. Each family has its own peculiar way of driving its cattle, and of arranging its own particular train. Some drive their cattle before them, others follow them, and others again ride in the midst of them.

Among the Cossacks, death is not accompanied by sombre mourning. When one of them falls bravely in battle, they do not weep or lament for him. We have leave to the women, prayers to the priests; and when we have shown due sympathy for the brave gone from of our departed friend, we must together the dried, smoke, and talk of his bravery and virtue. Then were celebrated the funeral rites of the brave warriors whose sword and Christian name we have mentioned. By the death of his father and of his nearest relatives, he inherited a quantity of horses and oxen, considerable sums of money, and an ample supply of brandy. Cowards or Cossacks sometimes accused him, on hear the for the first moment, from which he had so miraculously escaped, and to render homage to the memory of their companion, by plentiful hospitality and deep libations. While they were supplying his loss of Rostoff, and Berezin his rounded above his lay stretched on his bed; suffering cruelly from his wound. In a few days, however, he rose up with fresh vigor, and summoned all his friends to follow him in a fierce expedition. At their head he set out, with a horse-tail for a banner, and destroyed every thing in his path. Those who had carried off his property, disinterred the body of his father, and carried it to his encampment, in order to celebrate the funeral rites afresh with libations of brandy. This occurred about the middle of the last century. My grandfather was then young, but already renowned for his intrepidity. He married three times, had thirteen sons and one daughter, who was my mother.

I wish I could describe to you his appearance at a triumphant reception of his son, Fancy a broad-chested man of six feet high, with Herculean shoulders, a bronze-colored visage, a thick beard falling on his breast, not large eyes, whose strange expression few would venture to succeed; a head covered with thick, curled hair, and surrounded by a fur cap, adorned with a heron's plume, and you will have a half-wild horse, whose mane nearly reached the ground; and he was universally proclaimed the best rider of the line, and the most skilful manager of the oxen and the horse.

His amusements consisted chiefly in the chase, largely mingled with fear. Before the catastrophe which was to occur ending finally for him, he kept 400 head of cattle, and 30 dog and dancing; but after it he became bankrupt, and remained so. He had never loved his son, especially myself, but his affection was manifested not by caresses, but by frequent chastisements.

Near my father's cabin he caused to be constructed an ice-house, a species of underground cellar in a niche in a recess in the principal room, in which a large part of the floor is the mouth of a wooden pedestal, and was raised by a silken curtain. Before it a lamp burned night and day, and around it were suspended arms of all descriptions, and various ornaments in gold and silver. My grandfather, when he returned home, came into his house should pause and rather the sign of the cross before his reverend uncle, and after every meal, the children were commanded to do the same. How to him who should neglect doing so! I shall never forget the terror I felt one day, when my cousin Michael, a child of ten years old, when entering himself with a sling, by chance hit the Uncle's potential with a stone. One grandfather's countenance assumed a diabolical expression, his eyes startled, he grunched his teeth, and seizing the boy by the hair, he dashed him against the door. Some time afterwards, Michael was found drowned. Some of our family said it was a chastisement from God; others did not scruple to assert that my grandmother himself had thrown him into the water. He was certainly quite capable of doing it.

English Scenes.

From Punch.

Scene—Devon (A cruel wintry)—"Tis—do my pet I'm very glad they're gone, for they were always following one about."

Wit and Humor.

IRISH FREE-AND-EASY-ISM.

The native and witty impudence of the Irish, is seldom forced to more advantage than in a recent instance. "Sir Malachi," a sketch of the popular wit, at the reception in a Dublin theatre of a new Lord Lieutenant and his Lady:—

"Pat Mooney!" observe a voice at the gallery, "I can," says Pat."

"Well, what's to do?"

"Oh! mighty like a grazier, or saddle-nose. Arrah-way, he's got a good long nose for a judge."

"Is she tall?"

"Pat Mooney!—Ha! ha! Pat, you're the boy! Bravo! bravo! we'll keep him, thin; we'll keep him! Three cheers for the Lord Lieutenant!"

"Vote—Well, and what's she like, Pat?"

"Pat Mooney!—Well, he does—and enjoys a hearty laugh, (Shows him to be a kind man, as he is."

"Vote—This we won't have to find him back."

"Pat Mooney!—Bodad, boy—I don't think she's much to look at, barring her nose and her eyes. Sure they're not bad, and means to spind his money among us here."

"Vote—Is she tall?"

"Pat Mooney!—Ha! ha! Pat, you're the boy! Bravo! bravo! we'll keep him, thin; we'll keep him! Three cheers for the Lord Lieutenant!"

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"Pat Mooney!—Bodad, boy—I don't think she's much to look at, barring her nose and her eyes. Sure they're not bad, and means to spind his money among us here."

"Vote—Is she tall?"

"Pat Mooney!—Oh! she will: she will! I'll engage that for her Ladyship."

"Many Voices—We may keep her, then, Pat?"

"Pat Mooney!—Oh, the longer the better, the longer the better! Let's see Ladyship that'll sweat the good word for the man that's to throwsle, and never let the dassed vagabone that is in the shtore, God bless her!"

"Gallery—Brave! bravo! Three cheers for the Lady Lieutenant."

"Pat Mooney!—Three for Lord Mayor!—Now just to pay, Dan Finnigan! is that you?"

"Pat Mooney!—Pat, sit you down! and by the rowl of your eyes down there among the gintry, Dan Finnigan?"

A loud laugh, in which his Lordship, for not very certainly join, for the Lord Mayor is in his dignified company.

"Pat Mooney!—Come, Pat, "you needn't look up so sour at us; man-up's the good time you're sat up here yourself; you know it, you cowld vinegar bottle!"

"Vote—Sure the world's gone well with Dan Finnigan: yo hadn't those white kid gloves—"

"Pat Mooney!—No, nor that grand cocked hat there—"

"Vote—No, nor that white wand, yo cornstalk—where yo got the shandelier—and cheated Mike Molloy out of a farden's worth o' pipes and tobacco—"

"Gallery—Ah, ha! Dan Finnigan! who cheated Mike Molloy?"

Great confusion, during which the orchestra strikes up, and the irregular colloquy is ended.

Prudence.—Once upon a time a Scotchman, who was a miser, and also a Scotchman, (not of course the Englishman would not have been,) appealed to an Irishman, who, observing the rude manner in which the Scotchman asserted his claims, gave it in favor of the Scotch aristocracy's greater sanctity.

The Englishman was rather confused, and the Scotchman cheered. Paddy smiled on one side of his mouth, and then said to the Englishman—

"Arrah, now be sisy, my jewel; don't you know very well you're cruel on the shtick day, but its bones were created on the SHAN?"

This altered the tone of the Scotchman's triumph.

Scene in School.—First class in arithmetic stand up. A leg of mutton costs four shillings, and a loaf eleven pence, why—

"Are there 'promises in his house?"

"What has that got to do with the question?"

"A good deal."

"Well, suppose there are eight apprentices in the house, then what will it come to?"

"A chunk of bone, and no bacon then you could kill a fly with a lemon-squeezer."

"He lectry, Master Stubbins—this is the second time to-day, that you have tried to make light of Daboll's Arithmetic—fie fi again, and I'll put a cupling."

A Fashionable Lounger.—A contemporary puts the tobacco question into the following shape:—"Suppose a tobacco-chewer is addicted to the habit of chewing tobacco fifty years of his life, and that each day of that time he consumed but one inch of the weed, it amounts to six thousand four hundred and eighty inches, which would make one mile and a quarter in length of solid tobacco, half an inch thick, and two inches broad. Now what is the use of constantly talking about it, when the whole amount stretched out before him, and he can see it? Why not make a stand at once, and exercise of his life, and also that it would not be a bad investment of two thousand and ninety-four dollars?"

He Wasn't an Ignoramus.—A little incident occurred in one of the schools in West Lynn, on Wednesday of the Races, which, in fact, topes, worth relating. One of the classes were reading the lesson which contained the 10th verse of the 4th chapter of Genesis, "And the voice of the Lord, and he drew near. The superintendent of that the 6th had been. The question was asked, "Who was the Lord that drew near?" answered—

"Jesus," "No," with apparent satisfaction.

"Jesus," said the first scholar, "no, he wasn't!"

"Yes, he was!"

"No, he wasn't!"

"Jesus Christ!"

"Jesus Christ!—There is a story of the French *valet de chambre* to an Austrian nobleman, very characteristic of the national selfsufficiency. Having been sent to shop for something wanted by his master, the worthy man returned empty-handed, and told him in a spirit of utter indignation that those Vienna people must be very stupid indeed. "If I am thinks here are those whole ten years, and they have not yet learned French enough to understand me!"

Miscellaneous.

A Parmaic Ism.—*From Lowell's Letters on Poetry.* It is a curious illustration of the formality and pedantry of the last century, that everything that came along, of what a *prosaic* kind soever, was thought fit to be put into it. the mulberry tree was brought into England, he got one and planted it in his garden at Fulham.

It is perfectly true that this is a materialistic age, and that we are more apt to worship mere power all the more. We feel that every generation contrives to enrich its staging lacks without its corresponding scenery. Till then it takes the old man to do it for." Both men and women are alike in this respect, and it was pretty near the truth, though a trifle removed from correct orthography.